MILLICENT IN·DREAMLAND

EDNA·S·BRAINERD

COSY CORNER SERIES

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MILLICENT IN DREAMLAND

"MILLICENT LAY BACK LAZILY."

(*See page 11*)

Cosy Corner Series

MILLICENT IN DREAMLAND

By
Edna S. Brainerd

Illustrated by
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Boston
L. C. Page & Company
1903

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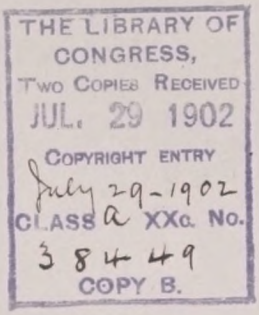

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Published, July, 1902

Colonial Press
Electrotyped and Printed by C. H. Simonds & Co.
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

DEDICATED

TO

MY SON

Gideon Reed Brainerd

AND

HIS LITTLE FRIEND

Millicent Jessie Taylor

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	The Flower Dream	11
II.	The Bicycle Dream	19
III.	The Prune Dream	26
IV.	The Doll Dream	34
V.	The Bee Dream	43
VI.	The Umbrella Dream . . .	53
VII.	The Picture Dream	60
VIII.	The Moon Dream	72
IX.	The Fairy Dream	81

ILLVSTRATIONS

PAGE

"MILLICENT LAY BACK LAZILY" (*See page 11*) *Frontispiece*

"MILLICENT BEGAN . . . FILLING THE BASKET WITH THE FLOWERS" 16

"'I COULDN'T HELP IT,' MUMBLED MILLICENT" 24

"SHE RAN ON, FASTER AND FASTER" . . . 32

"WHEN THE LITTLE SISTER WAS FAST ASLEEP" 40

"MILLICENT AWOKE TO FIND HER LITTLE PLAY-MATE, GIDEON, SHAKING THE HAMMOCK" . 49

"SHE WAS STILL SITTING AT THE WINDOW" . 51

"MILLICENT PLACED THE STOOL ON A CHAIR . 63

"THEY SAT PERCHED ALONG THE FOOT-RAIL OF THE BED" 73

"CLAMBERED UP THE ROSE-BUSH" 89

MILLICENT IN DREAMLAND

I.

THE FLOWER DREAM

BEHIND the big house where Millicent lived there was a garden. At the very end of the walk which separated the cabbages and onions and things from the roses and lilies and mignonette, there was a trellised arbour; and here on sunny afternoons, Millicent often came with her book or her patchwork quilt to read or to sew, in the shade.

It was too warm to read or sew this afternoon, so Millicent lay back lazily in the cool green of the vines that fell about the summer-house, and watched the bumble-bees as they staggered from flower to flower. What a croon-

ing, drooning sound they made, and what a drowsy afternoon it was, to be sure!

"I've been thinking," said a wee, little voice; and Millicent started up suddenly to see who it was talking. And what do you think? It was a Pansy! A Pansy growing along the border of the walk, — a dear, velvety, little purple Pansy with the sweetest face and the softest eyes and the loveliest voice in the world — Millicent had to stoop to hear what the Pansy said.

"I've been thinking all day about something I saw before I came here."

"Well, that's nothing," responded another voice, — the voice of a big Rose that flaunted itself almost to the top of Millicent's head.

"Pansies are for thoughts, you know," went on the Rose.

Now the strangest thing happened just then. The Rose had spoken to the Pansy in a very high, supercilious voice, and Millicent thought:

"What a very impertinent Rose!" but instead of thinking it, she really said the words aloud and the sound of her own voice startled her no little.

"My, I wonder — " but just here she realised that she was talking her thoughts aloud

and all the flowers seemed frightened when she spoke, so she shut her lips tightly together.

"I wonder if I'll just have to stop thinking altogether?" she thought, or, rather, she spoke, for she found she could no longer think without uttering the words aloud.

A Clematis vine growing over the trellis whispered in her ear:

"Just don't think questions or ugly thoughts, and you'll be all right."

Millicent turned to thank the Clematis flower, but just then the Mignonette said to the Pansy, "Well, tell us what you were thinking."

The Pansy went on in her low, little voice: "You know I grew up in the greenhouse at the other end of town. When I was just a baby, long before I had any leaves, they kept me in a great box covered with glass, but when I began to grow they planted me with lots of others in a row in the ground by the fence that ran across the back yard of the greenhouse.

"Just across the road there was a hospital for little children who had no homes or fathers or mothers, and every day I used to stretch my neck to see them as they sat at the windows, the little children, sick or dying, and they all

looked so pale and thin and wan that it made me feel selfish to think that I was down in the warm earth in the yellow sunshine, and that those little things were so lonely and cheerless. So I just made up my mind to grow and grow until I should be big enough to lean over the fence and nod to them, even if I couldn't do anything more than that to make them happy. But just when my leaves were the prettiest, just when I had begun to bloom and bloom, the gardener took me up and carried me off, and here I am. Oh, it's pleasant and lovely enough," sighed the Pansy, "but I did want to do some good in the world, and I can't help but think of the poor, pale little faces I saw at the windows, and how much I should like to make them smile — and I'm only good for thoughts."

The Mignonette and the Daisies, even the glorious Nasturtiums growing in a heart-shaped bed close by, all sighed when the Pansy had finished, and wished that they, too, might do some good in the world.

"If I could only go there, I'd rock them all to sleep," sighed the Poppy.

"Ugh!" said the Rose, "I'd much rather go to a ball."

"For shame!" cried Millicent, loudly.

"For shame!" cried out the other flowers.

A big Tiger-Lily, with a freckled face, was standing by the fence, and as she spoke every one turned to listen to her.

"Now as far as we are concerned," said the Tiger-Lily, "we are all helpless. We can do no good in the world except to drink sunshine and to grow and to bloom. But this little girl can do more toward making other people happy than all of us put together. We can stand here and wish and plan to do good, but after all we can't move a petal unless the wind helps us a bit, but she — she can make us happy and the children, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Millicent, "Just tell me and I'll do it." She was really very anxious, for the story the Pansy had told touched her tender little heart very deeply.

"Oh, yes, do tell her!" called out the flowers. "What must she do?"

"WHACK OFF OUR HEADS!" cried the Tiger-Lily, "and put us all in a basket and take us to the hospital."

Some of the flowers shuddered and drew closer together when the Tiger-Lily said this;

but the Pansy laughed a low, little laugh and said to the other Pansies, "We are ready to go, are we not, little sisters?"

"And we!" cried the Mignonette.

"And we!" cried the Poppies.

"And we!" cried out all the Lilies and Daisies, Sweet-Williams, Geraniums, and Lilacs. Such a chorus! As sweet and as soft as the music the fairies make.

"Then WHACK!" cried the Tiger-Lily. "I'm willing to go first."

"Oh, I just hate to do it," said Millicent, tearfully, as she held the scissors in her hand. "I never cared before, but now that I know you so and love you so it just seems I can't cut your heads off."

"But think of the good we can do in the world!" cried the flowers once more. "And if we stay here we shall only wither and fade on our stalks."

"It will really make us so much happier," said the Poppy.

So Millicent began snipping and snapping and filling the basket with the flowers. She left the Rose and the Pansy until the last — the Rose because of her haughtiness and

the Pansy because of her sweetness and humility.

She was not quite sure that she would take

the Rose at all, after its proud, disdainful manner, and she was going to pass it by, when the Rose bent down and whispered, "Take me, too, please."

Millicent stooped and kissed the purple Pansy when she cut it, and a tear fell on its petals.

"Never mind," said the Pansy, "I'm happy."

"I'm sure I can find the hospital," said Millicent as she sat once more in the arbour and began to arrange the flowers.

"What hospital, dear? What are you talking about?" and Millicent looked up to see her mother standing in the garden walk. The sun had gone down and the gardener was watering the flowers that raised their heads eagerly for a drink. The purple Pansy was dripping from its bath and the freckled Tiger-Lily was drenched, too.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Millicent, "I have had the most beautiful dream, and you can help me make it come true if you will."

So Millicent told her mother all about the flower dream, and the next day they went together and made the dream come true.

II.

THE BICYCLE DREAM

"It's a shame that I can't go any farther than just around the block," sighed Millicent as she sped along the broad asphalt pavement on her new Bicycle, with rubber tires and shining all over with nickel plate.

It was a bright spring day and all the earth was fresh and smiling.

"I just wish I could go on for one hundred miles," said Millicent, still talking to herself as she spun around the corner. "If I only hadn't promised mamma!"

Just then a strange thing happened. Millicent was really going very swiftly, and when she started to turn the corner on the third side of the block she found, to her astonishment, that the Bicycle went straight on and wouldn't turn! She held her breath for a moment — it seemed so nice to go spinning down the street in that

irresponsible way, and then she remembered her promise to her mother, and she tried again to turn back, but the Bicycle wouldn't turn and kept persistently going on and on so smoothly and swiftly that Millicent felt as if she were floating in the air.

"Well, I'll just have to go on until it gets ready to stop," she laughed and leaned forward on the handle-bars, the Bicycle speeding onward and swerving neither to the right nor to the left.

"It's lucky we're headed for the country" (you see, Millicent had no one to talk to, and so she had to talk to herself), "for if we had gotten on to the down-town streets we might have run into a trolley-car or an omnibus."

By this time Millicent was beginning to wish the wheel would stop in its mad flight. For the streets were getting less and less crowded, and the houses on each side were smaller and there were fewer of them.

But the Bicycle wouldn't stop!

There were lots of dirty little girls and boys playing along in front of the houses, and they threw sticks and things at her and yelled and hooted as she vanished down the street.

"Well, anyway, they can't catch me," she thought, "unless I should fall off." So she tried doing that, just to see if she could, but she found that she was unable to budge an inch off the Bicycle.

"I guess uncle was right when he said I was stuck on my wheel. Why-ee, it must be nearly noon! I'm getting hungry and the sun is shining right straight down. I do wonder what will happen next?"

You see, by this time Millicent had become so accustomed to surprises that nothing really astonished her very much. She soon found herself out in the open country, with green fields on each side, the rail fences and green trees and green grass and budding flowers everywhere.

"Isn't it lovely?" she gasped, for she was just a little bit tired of sitting up straight and going at such a rapid gait; her tam-o'-shanter was askew and her hair was floating behind her in the breeze.

She passed a schoolhouse lying back in a green clump of trees, and the children laughed and shouted to see her speeding by. Some silly geese dabbling along in the dust of the

road fluttered awkwardly out of her path with flapping wings and frightened hisses. Meek-eyed cows feeding along the hedges lifted their heads and stared at her. A pond in an adjacent field made her feel very thirsty, and she cried, angrily: "When is this old Bicycle going to stop, anyway? It must be past lunch time, and uncle has come home, and Gideon will be waiting for me, and mamma — oh, mamma will be frantic!"

At the thoughts of her home and the tempting luncheon she knew they would be having, and of her mother's anxiety, Millicent's heart began to swell, and two big tears came up into her eyes and rolled down her face.

She passed a farmer's wagon with a freckle-faced boy sitting high up on a load of hay, and the stupid wonder and amazement in his eyes made her laugh again.

"If only I could stop and get something to eat," she sighed, as she passed a farmhouse. A little girl was swinging on a gate, eating a huge piece of bread and butter.

"Gimme a bite," called Millicent, not very politely, she feared, but how could one be polite on a mad Bicycle so far away from home, tired

and hungry, and scurrying along the country like a mad thing?

Just then she came in sight of two houses, one right across the road from the other. There was smoke coming from the chimneys, and oh, such a delightful, spicy odour of baking as came to her nostrils!

Then Millicent saw a woman come out of the gate of one of the houses and start across the road to the other house; she was carrying something in her hand, and Millicent saw that it was a pie — a lovely golden-brown pie with crispy edges. Just then the woman looked up and saw Millicent coming, and stopped, holding the pie carefully before her, so that the strange, swift Bicycle might pass.

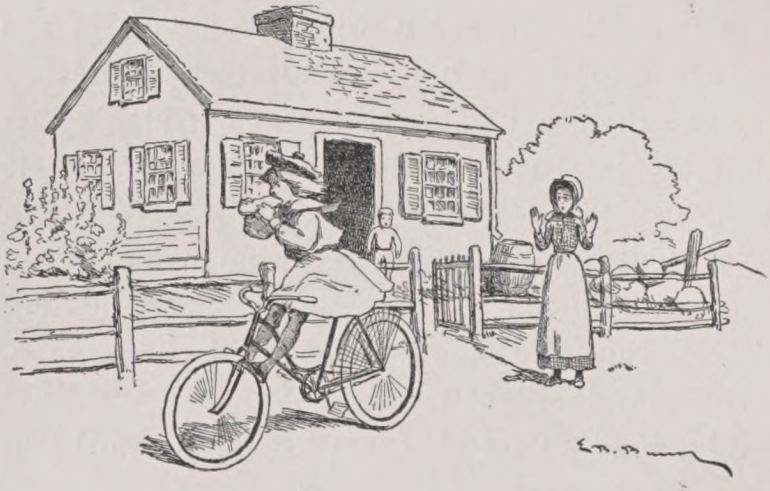
Quick as a dart Millicent leaned forward and grasped the pie!

The woman ran after her down the dusty road, screaming and wringing her hands; some children ran out and joined the chase, while a big dog suddenly appeared and went barking furiously after her.

"I couldn't help it," mumbled Millicent, with her mouth full of pie. "I hope it wasn't stealing. Oh, I wonder where I am and when

I'll stop; and oh, I'm so tired!" And poor Millicent began to weep in earnest. The pie didn't taste good; it was too hot; and then how could one eat when whirling along at this ridiculous rate?

"If only I could run into a tree or stone or



something; if only something would stop this horrid Bicycle!" And she began to cry again. Her arms and legs ached and her head fairly swam with the rapid motion and her eyes were brimming with tears.

Just then she saw a log in the road ahead of her, and she knew that the Bicycle must strike it and then it would surely stop in its mad career.

So she shut her eyes, braced herself against the handle-bars, and waited for the tumble.

Over she went. The Bicycle stopped with a jerk and fell in the road with a loud tinkle of the bell. Millicent lay quite still for a moment, almost afraid to open her eyes, and she said a little prayer of thankfulness that at last she was off that horrid Bicycle, even if she was a hundred miles away from home and in a strange country.

Then she opened her eyes — and — the lunch bell was ringing — and she had been dreaming in the sunshine on the couch by the window.

III.

THE PRUNE DREAM

It was too warm to play and too sultry to sleep, so Millicent thought she would go out under the beechnut-trees and sew on her patch-work quilt. It was really going to be a wonderful quilt — such funny little odd coloured pieces put together zigzag and crosswise, and every way.

"Well, I guess I'll take a walk," yawned Millicent, and she soon found herself in the depths of a cool, green wood. "My, why didn't I come out here before?" she thought to herself as she walked along. "It is so cool — really almost too cool — how funny, when I am only just a little way from home, where it's as hot as an oven. Why-ee! what is this?" and Millicent rubbed her eyes to see if she were really awake.

While she had been thinking to herself about the sudden change in the atmosphere, she had kept on walking and taking no notice of her surroundings until she suddenly emerged from the forest (which grew colder every step she took) and came plump out on an open meadow which was covered with snow. Right in the very middle of this snow-covered pasture (or so it seemed to be to Millicent) was a great big black iron kettle, with a lot of little iron kettles all around it, each one placed over a heap of burning fagots and filled with something that boiled and bubbled and steamed right up to the tops of the kettles.

"Why, what on earth is this?" queried Millicent aloud, and at her very feet a funny little voice answered: "This is the Hot-Water-Cure Springs. I came here a perfect wreck and took the cure — and just look at me now!"

Millicent jumped about a yard and looked down to see where the queer little voice came from, and you can imagine her surprise when she saw at her feet — fat, round, and shining — a Prune!

Now Millicent was very fond of Prunes, and her first impulse was to stoop and get this one, for it was a very fat, delicious-looking Prune;

but to her consternation the Prune looked at her and said, in a pitiful tone of supplication, "Oh, please don't eat me — just think what a time I have had! Now I'll tell you what I'll do," the Prune went on more brightly, "if you will promise not to eat me I will show you all around and introduce you to all the other Prunes," and Millicent's Prune wobbled about to indicate "all the other Prunes," and then Millicent saw there were Prunes everywhere, little Prunes, and big Prunes, shrivelled-up, old-looking Prunes, and great big fat, good-looking Prunes. Some of them danced about in rings or played games, and some of them lay perfectly still and quiet, or huddled up in heaps on the snow.

"Oh, do hurry up and tell me all about it," cried Millicent, eagerly. "I won't eat you — cross my heart I won't. But do tell me all about the hot-water cure, and how it happened to snow in August."

"'Tisn't snow at all," sniffed the Prune, contemptuously; "it's sugar!"

"Sugar!" echoed Millicent, "I don't believe it!" But, nevertheless, she stuck her finger in the snow and tasted it, and, sure enough, it

was sugar, and not snow at all, and such acres of it — the folks at home never, never would believe it!

"Well, tell me all about it," said Millicent, finally, looking for a place to sit down, but she couldn't do that, for there was nothing in sight but sugar. Of course it would be just like sitting on the beach in the sand — only — well, it did not seem just the thing to sit down in the sugar, so she stood up.

"Well," said the Prune, gravely, "you see some of us — all of us, in fact — get in such a state that nothing on earth will bring us out except the Hot-Water-Cure Springs."

"Why do you call it the springs?" interrupted Millicent, looking around. "I don't see any."

"Stupid!" snapped the Prune; "because everybody springs into the kettle."

"Oh," said Millicent, thoughtfully, "I see — well — go on." And the Prune went on.

"Now you see all those kettles? Well, they are all filled with hot water, and we all come here and bring our families for a few days and when we go home we look splendid — s-p-l-e-n-d-i-d!" reiterated the Prune. "Why, just look

at me. When I came here three days ago I was that little and dried up and shrivelled that no one would look the second time at me, but every morning I rolled over in the sugar and took a spring into the kettles, and just look at me now!" Millicent looked the Prune over carefully and said:

"Well, you are certainly a beautiful Prune — and so much syrup on you, too," she added.

Millicent must have looked very hungrily at the Prune, for it drew itself up and shivered slightly and said, "Let's change the subject — but then you know you promised you wouldn't eat me."

It made Millicent a little vexed to be reminded of her promise which she was crazy to break, — for it was a beautiful Prune — so she said, rather sharply, "I never break my promises — and besides, you've been asking me to 'just look at you now' ever since I first came, and now the first time I do give you a good look you are afraid I'll eat you."

All the time Millicent and the Prune had been talking, the other Prunes were wandering around in little groups, or rolling over in the sugar, or springing into the hot-water kettles,

where they bobbled and boiled and bubbled up like mad. Millicent noticed, sure enough, that, while each Prune went in dry and wrinkled and old-looking, they all came out plump and shining and juicy; and she just wished she hadn't promised that Prune she would not eat him. Still — she had only promised that about that one particular Prune — she hadn't said she wouldn't eat the others at all. So she just decided she would pick up a handful and run. The others couldn't catch her — and besides — what harm could a Prune do, anyhow?

She stole softly up where quite a gathering of the nicest, fattest-looking Prunes were cooling off in the glistening sugar, and put out her hand to snatch a few — when — whew — there rushed at her every Prune at the Springs! Oh, such a lot of Prunes, dry Prunes, and sticky Prunes, and big Prunes, and little Prunes, — millions of 'em, — striking her and sticking to her, and the faster she ran the harder the Prunes hit her.

Poor Millicent! She ran on, faster and faster, with the syrup tangling her hair and the sugar flying under her feet, and the Prunes raining down on her as thick as hailstones.

Just as she thought she could go no further, she fell and struck her hand on something fine and sharp.

It was the needle in her patchwork quilt — and

the sun had gone down — and there were no cool, green woods, nor any sugar nor any Hot-Water-Cure Springs — and the Prunes hadn't made her sticky at all. Anyhow, it had all

happened and it was all very funny, but she knew no one would ever believe it. What a pity she didn't eat that big Prune when she had the chance!

IV.

THE DOLL DREAM

MILLICENT had been sitting still for a long time; from her nook in one corner of the room, behind huge palms and beautiful flowers, she could hear the sweet strains of the orchestra, and watch the crowds of fashionably dressed ladies who came to the Doll Show.

The Doll Show was distinctly a success; there were Dolls from all over the World, — big Dolls and little Dolls, wax Dolls and China Dolls, boy Dolls and lady Dolls, and queer little foreign Dolls and rag Dolls.

As Millicent's mamma was one of the ladies appointed to have charge of the sales for that day, Millicent had been allowed to spend the afternoon at the Doll Show if she would promise to keep very quiet, and not get in the way of grown-up people.

So she found this pretty corner amidst the ferns and palms, right where she could see the long table on which the Dolls were posed for display.

They certainly were beautiful, the tall Dolly in the pink chiffon and the little Dolly in the white nainsook dress.

"If I could have my very own choice," said Millicent, aloud, "I really don't know which one I would choose."

Quick as a wink a Japanese Dolly turned to Millicent, and said, in a foreign little lisp, "Oh, do tak-a me."

Millicent rubbed her eyes to see if she were awake, it all seemed so strange; but just then a fat, pudgy little Doll from Germany, with a white cap and wooden shoes, cried out: "*Nein! Nein — ich bin dein — ich bin dein!*"

Now Millicent had never studied German, so she wrinkled her brows, and said: "Whatever can she mean by that, I wonder?"

"I'll tell you what she means," called out a little sailor lad, a beautiful sailor Doll with a blue flannel suit and flaxen hair. "She means that she is yours; she's Dutchy — that's the reason you can't understand her. But say,

now," and the sailor lad lowered his voice confidentially, "which one are you going to choose?"

Then there arose such a clamour, that Millicent had to put her hands over her ears to shut out the noise.

"Take me!"

"Take me!"

"Take me!" cried out every Dolly at the Doll Show, each in a different language of its own.

Millicent began to laugh and said: "Oh, but I can't take you all, you know."

"I've an idea!" cried out the sailor lad, who seemed to be general spokesman for all of the other Dolls, probably because he had travelled all over the world and into every different country.

The Dolls all nodded and smiled, for the sailor lad was a great favourite with them all.

"Well, what is it?" asked Millicent, and everybody turned attentively to the sailor.

He said: "You see, she can only take one of you, — as for me, I'm marked 'Sold,' so I am out of it, — but suppose now that each one of you tell a story of where he or she lived before coming here, and the one who tells the most interesting story to the mind of the little girl,

that one she shall choose to be hers. Now isn't that fair?"

"Oh, yes, it's fair enough," said the tall Dolly in the pink chiffon (who was from France, by the way). "But I am sure my story will be uninteresting enough. When I was taken from the factory where I lived with dozens of other Dolls just like me I was sent to a fashionable dressmaker, and she measured me, and stuck pins into me, and squeezed my waist in so tight that I could scarcely get a long breath. Really, though, I did look lovely when she had finished me," sighed the French Dolly, "but she wrapped me in tissue-paper and put me in a box and shipped me off — and here I am." And the French Doll picked up her pink chiffon train and sat down carefully.

"Well, that certainly is not what I would call particularly interesting — would you?" asked the sailor lad of Millicent.

"Oh, I am sure I don't know," stammered Millicent — she was so much afraid of hurting the French Doll's feelings. "But, then, it wasn't her fault, you know."

"Well, Dutchy," said the sailor lad, turning to the little German Doll, who fairly shook in

her wooden shoes at being called upon to make a speech.

"Ach! I cannot one speech make," she cried. "But I do not these shoes like — and I wish very much for the little shop in Dresden where I come from. There was one dear little old frau, with a mole on her chin already, and she keep the shop, which have candies all striped — and cookies made out of ginger and lollipops and marbles — and I — oh, I stand in the window, and the children do come every day by from school, and they look in at me and they smile to me — and I — oh, I want to smile back at them!" and the poor little German Doll burst into tears.

"There, there, Dutchy, don't cry. Crying won't get you anything," said the sailor, in his brusque way.

"Poor little thing!" said Millicent to herself, inwardly determined that she would buy the German Doll and get a little shop with striped candies and ginger cookies and lollipops and things.

"Well, well," shouted the sailor, "who wants to tell the next story?"

The little Dolly in white nainsook held up one hand timidly.

"I'm 'most afraid to talk," she said, sweetly, "but I've been so lonesome here in this big crowd and everything — and I just want to tell my story so that maybe I won't be so homesick when I'm through."

"Heave to — heave to!" shouted the sailor, heartily. "Tell your story."

"Well, once there were two sisters who lived all alone in a little old house on the alley. They hadn't any father or mother, or cousins or brothers. One of them was a little bit of a girl with yellow curls and brown eyes. She was the youngest. The other one, the oldest sister, was a cripple with a crooked back and a lame foot, and she sewed all day by the attic window to earn their bread and butter.

"Now the pretty little sister had no playthings at all — just a few empty spools strung on a string and a picture or two that some one had thrown in the street; and she used to just wish and pray for a Doll. So early in the spring the lame sister began to save pennies, and along in the summer she bought me. She carried me home under her shawl and slipped me into the closet — you see, she didn't want the little sister to see me until I was dressed. All day

long the lame sister had to sew for her customers, but at night, when the little sister was fast asleep, the lame sister would take me out of the box in the closet and measure and make my clothes for me. Sometimes the ladies used to

give her scraps of the sewing left over, and she took these and pressed them and tucked them and stitched far into the night. And then, oh, how she used to talk to me! She would tell me all of her secrets just as if I wasn't a Doll, but a human being just like herself. 'How happy we'll make the little sister — won't we, dear?'

she would say to me, and there wasn't a heart-ache or piece of good luck came to her that at night she didn't tell me.

"Then the little sister fell ill, and for weeks she lay white and still in her bed and did not know the lame sister when she spoke to her. Then she began to get better and the doctor said she must have wine and jelly and the best of care.

"One day a lady came with some sewing and she opened the box and saw me. 'Oh, what a beautiful Doll!' she exclaimed, 'and what exquisite clothes! You must let me have this for the Doll Show. I never saw more beautiful work.'

"'Oh, madam!' cried the little lame sister, 'it is for her when she is well on Christmas Day. I could not give it away.'

"'Oh, I will pay you twenty dollars for it,' said the lady.

"The lame sister caught her breath and the tears came to her eyes. The lady took twenty dollars out of her purse and laid it on the table, and the lame sister wrapped me up, crying and saying to me all the while: 'Oh, little Doll, I hate to let you go — we've been such good

friends — but the money will buy her the wine and the jelly and, oh! I must let you go.'

"So the lady took me — and here I am."

Just then Millicent felt a tweak at one of her curls and looked up to see her uncle standing by her side.

"Well, girlie," he said, "I came in to buy you a Doll. Which one do you want?"

Millicent looked at the table where Dollies all stood in a row, and to her surprise they were all standing stiffly as they were before she fell asleep, — the tall Dolly in the pink chiffon, the Japanese Dolly, the sailor Dolly, and the little Dolly in the white nainsook.

"I think I'll take this one, uncle, if you please," said Millicent as she put her hand on the little Dolly that the lame girl had dressed for her sister.

So she held her up close and went home with her uncle. And from that day to this Millicent has been looking for the lame girl and the little sister, but she has never found her. And, strange to say, the little Doll in the white nainsook never spoke again; she just smiles sweetly and seems happy when Millicent talks to her about the day at the Doll Show.

V.

THE BEE DREAM

THERE was a broad veranda all around the house, and Millicent lay in the hammock on the shady side and watched the little dappled places on the grass where the sun shone through the leaves of the trees overhead.

The beehives were over by the garden fence, and Millicent loved to watch the Bees flying thither and buzzing about the flowers that grew between the palings.

Now, while Millicent was swinging to and fro with her eyes closed, just enjoying the beautiful summer day and listening to the hum of the Bees, she heard a tiny voice close to her ear saying:

"Oh, dear; I'm so busy!"

"Well, why don't you do as I do?" answered another voice, still closer to Millicent.

"What! be a Drone?" said the first voice again.

Millicent sat up in the hammock and looked about her. Flying off toward the lilies in the garden she saw a busy, brown-legged little Bee hurrying on with a package of yellow powder. Right by her side a lazy, shiftless Bee lay sprawled out on the edge of the hammock.

"Well," said Millicent, "are you the busy one or the Drone?"

"Drone," answered the Bee, snappily.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" said Millicent.

"Well, what's the use to work?" answered the Drone. "One gets just as much honey in the winter, and there are plenty of others to do it."

"What kind of work do the Bees do?" asked Millicent again. She had often heard of the "busy Bee," but she hadn't really thought that they did work in earnest.

"Why, they go out early in the morning, just as soon as the sun is up, and get all the sweet out of the flowers and carry it home."

"Oh, where do you live?" cried Millicent,

eagerly; "and may I go home with you, and is it far, and what is that you have all over your legs?"

"My! but you ask questions," said the Drone.

"Uncle says that is the only way to find out what you want to know. But do come and tell me everything — that's a good Bee. I'm just dying to see where you live."

"Well," answered the Drone, "I went out in the flowers awhile this morning, and that's pollen on my legs, and we live over there in the hives, and it isn't very far — and I'll take you if you can just wrinkle yourself up small enough."

"Oh, dear," sighed Millicent, "I know I can never do that!"

"Just watch me," said the Bee, "and then maybe you can."

So the Bee spread its wings and flew over the fence, circling over and above the flowers, and wheeling about in the sunshine.

"Isn't that lovely?" cried Millicent, and suddenly she felt herself growing smaller and smaller, with queer little wings growing out where her arms and legs had been, and she

instantly wanted to fly over in the flower beds.

"Now say this after me," said the Drone:

> "Busy, busy, brown-legged Bee,
> Make a companion out of me."

So Millicent repeated the words after the Bee and flew off after him.

"Dear me," she thought, "I'm really a Bee; I wonder if I'll ever turn back into a girl again. Gideon will never believe it when I tell him."

Just then they came to the door of the hive, and Millicent and the Drone flew in. First, there came a long, narrow passage, and then they came to the cells or rooms where the Bees were flying and buzzing about, staggering under their great loads of sweets that they had brought from the flowers, and which they were carrying to the little cells so that it might be made into honey. Millicent stuck her finger — that is, what used to be her finger when she was a little girl, but which was now a funny little bit of a Bee leg — against the wall of the cell and put it to her lips, and sure enough, it was the sweetest honey she had ever tasted.

Finally they came to the throne-room, and there sat the Queen Bee on a throne made of violets, and wearing a crown made of the golden petals of a yellow flower. The roof of the throne-room was all yellow, and the walls and floors were of yellow wax, just as smooth and beautiful as could be.

"I'm glad I don't have to walk," thought Millicent, "for I never could stand up on this floor."

The Queen Bee sat up very proud and haughty on her throne, and there was quite a little court about her of other Bees buzzing around the throne.

"Don't say anything now," whispered the Drone to Millicent; "the Queen is holding court and she is about to try a case."

Millicent was just getting ready to ask what case, when the Queen Bee said, looking around the room at her subjects:

"A terrible crime has been committed and the offender must be found and punished."

Then the Queen Bee called twelve of the largest and finest Bees, who buzzed about her, and she said to them, in awful tones:

"This morning while the workers were busy

in the garden some one threw a mucilage bottle at the hive; I was out resting on a rose leaf, and when the bottle of mucilage struck the hive its contents flew all over me and stuck my front wings together, and I cannot get them apart! Look! look!" she said, holding her wings out so that all might see them. As she talked the Queen Bee's voice grew louder and louder until she fairly screamed. Poor Millicent's heart fell, and she tried to hide; it was she who had thrown the mucilage bottle at the beehive just to see the Bees scatter, and now her sin was finding her out! Oh, if she could just escape! But she knew she could never find her way out of all those little cells and passages, and she felt in despair.

Just then twelve Bees whom the Queen Bee had chosen flew straight at Millicent and carried her to the foot of the throne.

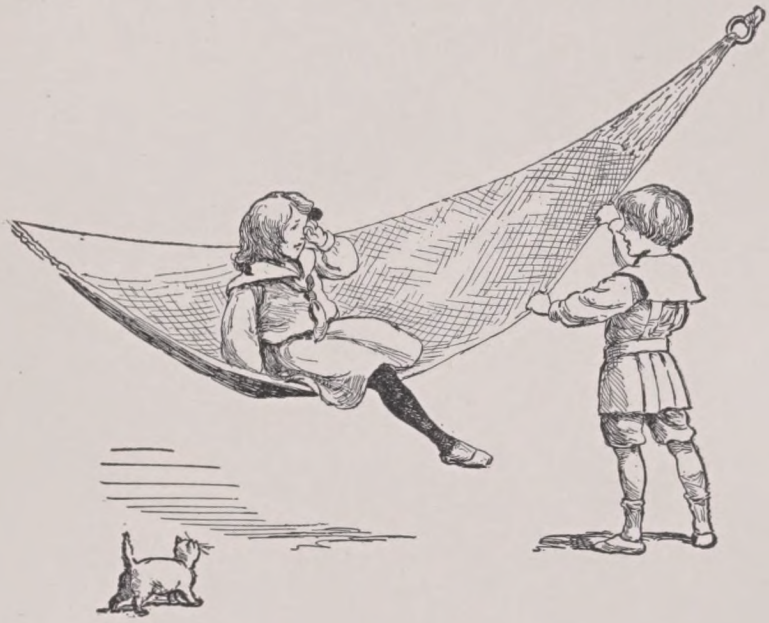
"She threw the mucilage bottle!" cried out the twelve Bees.

"What shall the punishment be?" cried the twelve Bees.

"Bring a tub of honey and drown her in it!" cried the Queen Bee, and the twelve Bees flew off after the tub of honey and the other Bees

thronged and buzzed about her in anger and consternation.

Poor Millicent began to cry, and as she cried she felt herself turning into a girl again, and the



more she cried the larger she grew, and the larger she grew the faster the tears fell.

Then the room began to fill with her tears, and the Queen Bee fell off the throne and was drowned, and even Millicent's feet began to get wet.

"Well, if I ever," she said, in surprise, as she

looked about her and saw all the little dead Bees floating in her tears.

"Ever what?" asked a voice — a human voice — and then Millicent awoke to find her little playmate, Gideon, shaking the hammock, and calling her out to play.

"SHE WAS STILL SITTING AT THE WINDOW."

VI.

THE UMBRELLA DREAM

"It's a shame it had to rain to-day so I couldn't go," said Millicent to the white kitten. "Don't you know, puss, that I had the very most beautiful new organdy frock to wear, with pink ribbons, and a lovely leghorn hat, with a long white feather, and a great heap of roses on it? — I don't know what to do. Fact is, there is nothing to do but sit and look out the window at the rain and watch the puddles, and wish I might have gone to the picnic."

Now Millicent never did know just how it happened, and to this day she is still wondering if it were a dream or a reality. While she was still sitting at the window, counting the Umbrellas going by, and watching the big raindrops, and bemoaning her picnic and everything in general, what should happen but a great big burst of sunshine, which came and suddenly

flooded the pavement outside. The rain ceased, and left the streets as dry and clean as if it had not rained at all. There were lots of carriages going by, and traps, and phaetons, and dog-carts — a regular procession of them.

"Everybody in town must be going out driving," thought Millicent. Then she saw, to her astonishment, that there were no people in the vehicles at all — but just Parasols and Umbrellas and Sunshades.

"Well, if I ever!" ejaculated Millicent aloud. "I wonder how they drive and keep from running over each other."

In the handsomer and more stylish turnouts were the most beautiful Parasols and Sunshades Millicent had ever seen. Some were black, with finely carved handles, and these sat up very straight and stiff, and bowed in a most dignified manner when they passed the other turnouts.

Then there were white Parasols with ribbons, and blue Parasols with silver handles, and pink chiffon Parasols that lolled back against the cushions and nodded lazily to their acquaintances.

Millicent noticed a funny thing — that none

of the other Parasols or Sunshades seemed to notice the Umbrellas on the grocers' carts or the fruit vender's wagon; and really they did look very commonplace beside all the other finery; but Millicent remembered that she always spoke to the baker's boy, even when she had on her organdy frock. Some of the more plebeian Umbrellas were coloured — red or white or gray, — but most of them were a faded black, and all of them were cotton, and some of them had advertisements in big black letters on their sides. Some were patched, and some were tied up with strings, but they seemed to have lots more fun than the finer Parasols and Sunshades, for they joked and laughed and nodded between themselves, while the silks and chiffons seemed bored, and to feel too much "set up" in the world to notice their commoner brothers.

There was one beautiful pink chiffon Sunshade driving all alone in a high spider phaeton, with a tall, elegant black silk Umbrella perched up in front — to drive, Millicent supposed. The pink chiffon was simply a dream. And Millicent thought of her organdy dress and the pink roses and wished she only had that pink chiffon.

But as it turned out, she didn't want it, after all, and thought the pink chiffon very proud and very disagreeable. There were some very ordinary, but carefully patched and darned Umbrellas riding about in an old-fashioned carryall. They had evidently driven in from the country, and were looking at everything with the greatest interest, when one of them spied the pink chiffon and pointed her out to the rest, whereupon they all waved and danced about frantically and drove up to the spider phaeton, but the pink chiffon stared at them insolently for a second, and then flirted herself around, ordered the coach Umbrella to "drive on," and snubbed her poor country cousins so that they shut their shabby-genteel selves up quietly, and drove off looking very much "shut up" indeed.

"Horrid thing!" said Millicent, indignantly.

"Wasn't she now?" answered an Umbrella standing near Millicent, who was watching the procession of turnouts. It was a short, stumpy Umbrella, with a very big round wooden handle and a cover that had once been black cotton but which was now a faded green.

"Must be a professor's Umbrella," muttered Millicent.

"Right!" answered the Umbrella, cheerfully.

"Of what?" ventured Millicent again, seeing she might as well be friendly.

"Nothing," again replied the Green Umbrella, in the same bright tones.

"But that's not being a professor at all," argued Millicent.

"My dear," said the Green Umbrella, seriously (and Millicent began to expect some remark really interesting), "My dear, we will change the subject."

"But I really don't want to change the subject —" began Millicent, when she was interrupted by a terrible clatter and shrieks, hoarse cries, and suddenly there dashed around the corner, driven by a Red, White, and Blue Umbrella of enormous size, an old gray horse hitched to a United States mail-wagon. Clinging to the sides of the wagon was a cotton Umbrella of smaller dimensions, made of red and yellow canvas. The Red, White, and Blue Umbrella yelled and laughed and bobbled about on the sidewalk until he made Millicent dizzy with dodging him and burst his own sides with laughter.

"What is the matter?" asked Millicent, when

the Green Umbrella finally stopped laughing long enough to pin up a long rent in himself.

"Oh, they are always at it," he explained; "the Red and Yellow Umbrella insists on making remarks about its being 'too Dewey,' and it makes the Red, White, and Blue Umbrella mad (more because the joke is so old than because of the joke itself), and so they go at it."

"What's too dewy?" asked Millicent.

The Green Umbrella only glared at her, and the fight went on. The street was soon crowded with Umbrellas, each watching the difficulty in his own peculiar way. The Undertaker's Umbrella wept copiously. The Lawyer's Umbrella kept writing in the dust with his ferrule. The Auctioneer's Umbrella yelled "Going, going, gone," until he was black in the face. The Old Maid's Umbrella fainted, and the Doctor's Umbrella tore himself into strips, so that there would be plenty of bandages when the fight was over.

Now I can't begin to tell you about it as Millicent afterward described it, nor how funny it looked to see two Umbrellas fighting — but the Green Umbrella laughed so, he had to go home for repairs; and in the end, the Red,

White, and Blue Umbrella left the Red and Yellow Umbrella in the ditch with three ribs broken and not a stitch on his frame, and went swaggering down the street followed by a shouting crowd of admirers. By this time the street began to look a little deserted, and it occurred to Millicent that now the sun was shining, she might go to the picnic, so she ran into the house; but, once more at the window, she saw the White Kitten sleeping on the rug, and the rain still beating mercilessly on the pane, so she decided not to go.

"Anyhow," Millicent said to the White Kitten afterward, "they needn't any of 'em ever, ever, think they can whip anything that wears the Red, White, and Blue."

VII.

THE PICTURE DREAM

THE nursery was a pretty room with low windows curtained in white, an open grate fire, and a table just covered with games and books.

The walls were hung with pictures, lots of pictures; pictures of birds and flowers and little children.

Among the largest of these pictures there hung three that Millicent loved the best because they were painted in many bright colours and because they were the work of her uncle, who had given them to her at different times for birthday or Christmas gifts.

One, the largest and most beautiful of all, was the picture of a dear little boy about Millicent's own age: he wore a pretty blue suit trimmed in white braid, and his feet were clad in red stockings and black slippers with silver buckles on them.

He had long golden curls and was seated in a swing high up in the branches of a big tree.

He always seemed to be looking down into the nursery, this little boy in the picture, and he always wore a smile on his face, and Millicent often stopped in her play to look up at him and nod, but he never answered back to her greetings.

Another picture was that of a long stretch of white sand, in the midst of which there stood a fine figure of a horse upon whose back there rode a man dressed in a strange foreign costume, his head wrapped about with a silken turban or scarf of many colours.

The other picture in which Millicent delighted most was a snow picture. There was a great hill all covered and glistening with snow, and at the foot of the hill was a pond silvery with ice. Merry little children rode on bright red sledges down the steep incline and trudged gaily up to the top again, and the frozen pond was fairly alive with skaters. It was a pretty picture.

As Millicent had a sore throat, she was not permitted to go to school this afternoon, so she wandered up to the nursery with the white kitten in her arms, her throat all bandaged in

flannel. It was horrid and stupid to have such a cold, and the medicine she had taken left an ugly taste in her mouth. Besides that, she had no one to play with.

So she romped on the rug with the white kitten for awhile and stood at the window for a long time looking out on the cheerless, deserted lawn where the trees were bare and shivering in the wind and the ground was covered with a carpet of crumpled brown leaves.

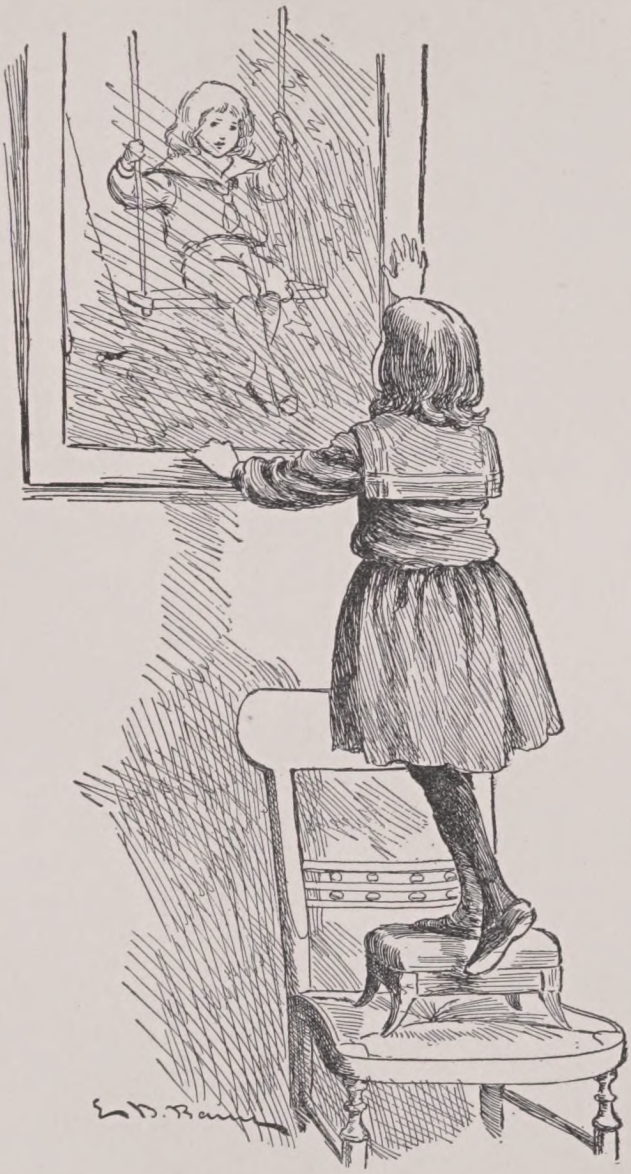
"Oh, dear," sighed Millicent, "I love the summer so; I wish it were never, never winter, and that the flowers were always blooming and the trees were always green."

"Why not come up here with me?" said a very shy, sweet voice, and Millicent turned to see who had spoken.

It was the little boy in the picture, and he smiled and nodded to her from his swing high up in the green boughs of the big tree.

Now Millicent was not so very much surprised to see the little boy in the picture smile and beckon to her, nor to hear him speak to her, for, you see, she had always been expecting him to do so.

So she just answered him: "How can I get



"MILLICENT PLACED THE STOOL ON A CHAIR."

up — you are hung so high?" looking around to see if there was a chair or something to stand upon. But all the chairs were too low, and she could only manage to reach the lower part of the frame.

"Put that stool on the chair," said the picture boy. "I'm sure you can reach it then, and I'll give you a lift when you get up near enough."

Millicent placed the stool on a chair, and the little boy reached his hand out to her and she vaulted up into the swing beside him.

"Oh, oh, isn't it beautiful?" cried Millicent; for it was summer, and she was swinging up, up, up amidst the green leaves, and the air was warm, while all around and all below them there were green fields and golden grain and sunshine.

Presently Millicent turned to the little boy, for she felt that she really ought to say something to him.

"What is your name?" she asked, politely.

"Paul — what's yours?" responded the picture boy.

"Oh, my name is Millicent," she answered. "What country is this, and what place is that over there?" She pointed toward a town that

lay miles and miles away, and where she could see many spires and steeples against the blue sky.

"This is Ireland," answered Paul, "and the town you see is Dublin, and that tallest steeple in the middle is Nelson's monument; I've heard my father talk about him," went on Paul, proudly. "Nelson was a great general, and they, the people of Dublin, built that monument to remember him by." Paul stopped speaking, and his eyes twinkled merrily; then he said: "Oh, don't you just wish that we could go over there?" then he added, sadly, "but we can't — it's too far."

"My!" exclaimed Millicent, who had been looking out of the frame and down into the nursery where the fire in the grate burned and crackled. "Doesn't it seem funny to be sitting up here in this picture and looking down into the room? Oh! oh! oh! just look at that old fellow on the horse — look! look!" she cried, pointing to the picture on the opposite wall. "Why, he's motioning to us! What a lark! Let's jump down and go over there and see him. That's Arabia; I know, because uncle told me so, and that man on the horse is an

Arabian, and he is riding across an Arabian desert."

Quick as a wink the little Irish boy and Millicent jumped down from the picture and scampered across the nursery floor.

The man on the horse smiled at them, and lifted them up into his frame and patted them on their heads, and, while he talked to them incessantly, the children could not understand one word he said. He seemed particularly pleased with Paul's yellow curls, for his own hair was coarse and black, and while he looked very big and brave, he did not seem cross or dangerous.

"Oh, what a big world!" cried Millicent, looking around her. "No wonder he got lonesome and wanted to see some one." And it did, indeed, look like a big world, for, as far as the eyes could see, there was nothing but deep blue sky and hot, hot sun and drifts of white sand. Not a stick, not a house, not a tree nor flower was to be seen.

"Goodness, it must be lonely when night comes on," said Paul.

Millicent sat down and let the white sand trickle through her fingers. "Just feel how

warm it is," she said to Paul. "Let's take off our shoes and stockings and wade in it," she shouted in glee. And so they did, running and racing together, and throwing the sand at the tall Arabian who sat on his horse watching them, and who laughed with them in their play.

Presently he looked at the sun and frowned, and, looking at the children, pointed to the nursery.

"Goodness, he looks mad, doesn't he?" said Paul.

"No, I don't think he's mad," answered Millicent, "I think he means that we must go, for the sun is going down, and I guess he has a long way to go before he gets anywhere."

So the two children pulled on their shoes and stockings quickly, waved at their Arab friend, and then clambered out of the picture and down into the nursery again.

"Where can we go next?" asked Paul. "I don't have to get back in my frame until the nursery clock strikes six."

Millicent's eyes fell on the snow picture. "Oh, let's go up there," she cried, eagerly, pointing to the picture where all the little girls and

boys were moving about up and down the hill. "That's Russia."

Now, strange to say, our little friends had grown so accustomed to these unusual flights that nothing seemed impossible for them to attempt, and no sooner were the words spoken than they both dashed quickly into the snow on the hill where the sledges were carrying their burdens of little Russian girls and boys, all wearing coats and caps of costly furs, and some of them looking like big, woolly bears, so completely were they wrapped from head to foot in the warm, brown fur.

"I hope we won't get cold," ejaculated Paul.

"Well, if we do," answered Millicent, "there are all those funny little stoves up and down the hill; and then, anyway," she went on, "we've only to take a jump and land right down in the nursery in front of the fire."

So they caught hold of hands and went dancing up the hill and through the snow, laughing merrily at the queer little Russian folk who stared at them and pointed to them and spoke of them in a strange language.

"Dear me," sighed Millicent, "just look at that poor little fellow over there; he hasn't any

sled or any skates and barely enough clothes on him to keep him warm. I just believe I'll go back down into the nursery and get a shawl or a table-cover or something. I'm sure mamma wouldn't care," and Millicent, warm-hearted little girl that she was, turned and looked at Paul, questioningly.

"Silly," cried Paul. "He's only a picture-boy and don't feel at all."

Millicent opened her eyes widely. "Why-ee," she exclaimed, "and why do they have the stoves, then? and you're a picture-boy, too, and, oh, I guess you'll have to explain a lot of things."

If Paul was only a picture-boy, he was enough a real boy to laugh at Millicent's outburst, and presently she, too, forgot her anger, and they left the little peasant boy and went to playing again. Up the hill and down again — plunging in the snow and pelting each other with snow-balls! Oh, how the sleigh-bells jangled! and how the keen, frosty air made Millicent's cheeks glow, and what a jolly time they had!

"It's even more fun than Arabia and the sand or Ireland and the swing," she cried, laughingly, and then seeing a grieved look on

Paul's face she hastened to add, "No, no, not more fun than Ireland and the swing, for then I should never have met you, dear Paul."

Just then they heard six slow strokes of the nursery clock, and Paul grasped Millicent's hand and together they rushed wildly out of the frame and down into the nursery.

Then Millicent felt Paul's hand in hers no longer — she looked about her, but Paul was gone. Then with a little sigh she looked up at the picture in the frame. There he sat in his old accustomed place, swinging, swinging up amidst the green boughs of the big tree, his long curls as sunny as the sunshine about him, his little smiling face turned toward her.

She waited for a moment and then smiled at him and waved her hand to him, but he did not answer to her greetings.

Slowly she turned and looked about the room. The Arab sat his horse stolidly — no movement from him now. She glanced at the snow scene in Russia, but the little children were hushed and still, and she could hear neither the laughter in their voices nor the merry jangle of the bells.

"I guess that must have been a dream," said Millicent, sadly, to the white kitten.

VIII.

THE MOON DREAM

It was hard for Millicent to go to sleep that night. She counted sheep jumping over the fence, and said the alphabet backwards, but as this brought her no nearer sleep she just closed her eyes and hummed little songs and things to herself which made her drowsy, and she would soon have been fast asleep but for a little voice which sighed in her ear: "Oh, I do hate to wake her up."

"Well," answered a voice on the other side of Millicent's pillow, "we can carry her more easily if she is asleep."

"Well, for goodness' sake, who is talking?" asked Millicent, without opening her eyes, for she really thought she was dreaming.

The answer came in a merry gurgle from a thousand little throats, "We are the Moon Goblins!" and then there was silence.

Millicent opened her eyes. They sat perched along the foot-rail of the bed — the funniest little Moon Goblins you ever saw, with high peaked hats and spiked-tail coats — with a broad grin on their faces and just shining all over with merriment; they hung on the chandeliers, they scampered up and down the muslin

curtains, and played hide-and-seek about the room.

Millicent looked at the little group standing about her pillow, and asked: "Was it me you were talking about carrying somewhere, and where to? and now that I am awake, why can't I just walk right along with you?" These questions came from Millicent, as all her questions did, rapidly and many of them.

"Well, I just want to know," burst forth Millicent, "who has a right to order me taken to the Moon, and besides, how in the world do you suppose you would carry me?"

"Well, you see it's this way," answered the Moon Goblin. "The Man in the Moon is getting lonesome, and he looked through his big telescope and saw you down here and sent us for you. You see, there is going to be a big Moon Feast, and there is no one to sit at the other end of the table — at least no one near his own size.

"Now, as far as carrying you there," went on the little goblin, "just look at yourself. You are all ready; do you see?"

Millicent looked down, and found to her surprise that she was wrapped round and round with the softest, shiniest bands of ribbon that she had ever seen.

"Oh, what is it?" she cried, "and where did you get it?"

"Moonbeams," answered the goblin. "As we came through from the sky, we stopped at a bed of roses and wound the pink moonshine, and wove another band from the moonlight on a violet bed. That silver ribbon we

found where the Moon was shining on the lake."

"How beautiful!" said Millicent, softly.

"We must be going, going," sang all the little goblins in the room, as they gathered about the bedside, and Millicent felt herself lifted gently into the air and to the open window, from where a broad path of silver moonlight led straight up to the Moon.

"How far is it?" she asked, as they sped quickly on the journey.

"Two hundred and thirty-eight thousand, six hundred and fifty miles," shouted the goblins.

"Oh, dear, we'll never get there," sighed Millicent, looking back where even now trees looked like little shrubs, and the town like the houses of a toy village.

In a moment all had vanished, and then Millicent heard the goblins singing, "We are coming — we are coming." She closed her eyes. They went through the air like a rush of wind, and then they went slower, and slower, and slower, until they finally laid her gently down.

"We are here — we are here," chanted the goblins.

Millicent opened her eyes and jumped up

excitedly. "Are we really in the Moon?" she cried. She looked about her. There was no doubt but that she was in the Moon.

It was a strange and beautiful country. The Moon Goblins danced and pranked about. Everything was moonlight, and Moon flowers grew everywhere.

"And when am I going to see the 'Man in the Moon'?" asked Millicent, looking about her.

"Here — here," cried the Moon Goblins, "he is on the other side of the Moon now, but if you'll just look through this telescope you can see how he looks." Millicent put her eye to the telescope — when, whew! it shut up with a click — and Millicent was shot through, right through the Moon, head first, and landed plump in the arms of the Man in the Moon!

"Oh, ho," cried the Man in the Moon.

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed Millicent, breathlessly.

"Don't mention it," cried the Man in the Moon, politely, and then he added, "Can you tell me if a cranberry grow on a pineapple-tree, what should a potato?"

Millicent stopped and puzzled a minute, "I

don't know," she answered. "I can't see through that. But really I think it very impolite of you to begin asking conundrums before you ask if I am hurt."

"Well, I knew you couldn't be hurt," said the Man in the Moon, "because you're rubber."

"Rubber! — I!" cried Millicent.

"Yes — pinch yourself — and see."

What the Man in the Moon said, was true — Millicent had turned to rubber. "How funny!" she thought. "Here I go in at the little end of the telescope a real live girl, and come out of it a rubber one."

So far, Millicent had taken no time to observe the appearance of the Man in the Moon, so now she looked at him critically.

He was not at all as she had imagined he would be. He had the roundest, smoothest, merriest face, and was no taller than Millicent herself, but by the size of the little Moon Goblins, who were about the size of Millicent's hand, they were both like enormous giants.

"Well, what do you think of it all?" said the Man in the Moon, interrupting Millicent's thoughts.

"It looks like a ghost world," she answered; "you can just see right through things!"

"Oh, ho!" roared the Man in the Moon, gleefully, "I guess you didn't see through the telescope, did you?" and "Oh, ho!" he roared louder, and laughing till his little round body shook, and "Oh, ho! I guess you didn't see through my little joke, did you?"

"Oh, that's so — I forgot," said Millicent, "If a cranberry grow on a pineapple-tree, what should a potato?"

"Oh, ho!" cried the Man in the Moon. "Ask the cranberry —"

Millicent started to answer rather sharply, by giving her opinion of this joke, when she heard voices singing. "The Moon Feast, the Moon Feast," called the Man in the Moon loudly — "Will you take my arm?" said he politely to Millicent. So Millicent took his arm and they paraded pompously to the Moon Feast, while thousands and thousands of the elfish little goblins capered and danced before them.

As they neared the scene of the feast, Millicent could distinguish the words of the song the goblins were singing.

"Moon — moon — moon —
Beautiful, beautiful moon,
I'm glad I am a little goblin
A-living in the beautiful moon!"

"Why, that's the tune of 'Coon — Coon — Coon' cried Millicent. "Just think! Ragtime in the Moon!"

Now Miliicent's curiosity had reached its height, and she was anxious for the feast to begin. Where would they eat, and what would they eat? and what a jolly old fellow the Man in the Moon was, to be sure!

On they hurried, going faster with every step. Poor Millicent, breathless and panting, soon found they were leaving her far in the rear.

"I can't go another step," she shouted to the Man in the Moon, who was hurrying onward. "I am going to sit down here and rest, and then I'll come on."

"Oh, ho!" cried the Man in the Moon, "we'll wait for you at the end of the Silver Lane."

Poor Millicent's head sunk on a moonlit bank, try as she would to keep awake, and she fell asleep.

She never did know how long she slept, for

when she awoke the sun was streaming in at her window and she realised it was too late to join her friends at the end of the Silver Lane.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," sighed Millicent as she dressed herself for school. "He was such a jolly Man in the Moon! I wonder who sat at the other end of the table, and I do wonder 'if a cranberry grow on a pineapple-tree, what should a potato?'"

IX.

THE FAIRY DREAM

MILLICENT closed her book with a sigh. The White Kitten was curled up in the sunshine on the window-seat, and Millicent went on talking to herself. "Oh, I'm so sorry to grow up and get old. Everything is just spoiled. I used to just love to read about Cinderella and Jack-the-Giant-Killer, but since I've grown so old and found out there isn't any Santa Claus, and there are no fairies, I don't care to read about them at all."

"Dearie me, dearie me!" exclaimed a soft little voice at her side, "No fairies! are you sure?" and Millicent looked up to see the quaintest little figure standing on the window-seat by the White Kitten. It was the very merriest, cutest figure of a little old lady that you ever saw, and although she wore a troubled look on her diminutive face, it did not hide the kindly smile under the mob-cap that she wore.

"Oh!" gasped Millicent. "Who are you?"

"I am the Fairy Godmother," answered the quaint little old lady, leaning toward Millicent, "and it just pains me to find that you don't believe in us."

Then Millicent saw that the little old lady carried a broomstick and that she wore funny old-fashioned skirts that flared out at the ankles and that she stooped when she walked and that her hair underneath the white mob-cap was as white as the driven snow.

"So you don't believe there are any fairies?" went on the little old lady. "Well, I can just prove to you that there are, and that grown-up folks don't know what they are talking about when they tell you there is no Santa Claus and that there are no fairies. I can't take you to Santa Claus to-day, but I will take you to a place where the fairies are; and then you will believe, and then you will love your books and fairy stories just the same."

"Oh, dear, good, kind Fairy Godmother, please do!" cried Millicent. "You don't know how I miss them. Please take me, and let us go quickly."

Just here a really funny thing happened. The White Kitten, which was slumbering so peacefully in the sunshine, opened one eye, and winked slowly at Millicent, saying, as she did so, "I think I'll go, too."

Millicent was so surprised she could scarcely speak, for it was the very first time the White Kitten had ever spoken to her, but she sat bolt upright, and said to the little old lady, "Oh, yes, yes, let us go at once; and can we take the White Kitten with us?"

The little old lady curtsied to Millicent and then to the White Kitten, and said, "Yes, we will all go."

So the White Kitten arched her back, and rose and followed Millicent and the Fairy Godmother.

It seemed but a moment to Millicent until they arrived at a low, shabby cottage on the outskirts of a village, and, stopping at the door, the Fairy Godmother said, "Dearie me, dearie me, I can go no farther with you," and then she went on talking as she waved her tiny broomstick about, and speaking for all the world like a tale out of a story-book.

"This is the humble cottage of a poor widow

and her son. They are very poor, but the mother is a wise and gentle woman, and the lad, her son, has been named Prince Happy-Heart by the neighbours, because he is always so merry and full of laughter and good cheer. He makes the life of his poor widowed mother very happy with his blithe and sunny ways, and the whole village love him. Now I must away," continued the Fairy Godmother, "but I will leave you this silver whistle, and, whenever you want me, all you have to do is to place this whistle to your lips, take a long breath, and I will be with you," and the Fairy Godmother faded into nothingness.

Millicent held the silver whistle in her hand, and looked inquiringly at the White Kitten. But the White Kitten had curled herself up on the doorstep, and was fast asleep.

"Well, I wonder what will happen next," said Millicent, aloud, still gazing in wonderment at the silver whistle. "It's just like a dream or a fairy story."

She had not long to wait, however, for she heard voices inside the cottage, and then there came to the door a tall fair young man, followed by a dear sweet-faced old lady.

"Prince Happy-Heart and his mother," whispered Millicent to herself.

Happy-Heart kissed his mother tenderly, saying, as he did so, "Do not weep, dear mother, I will go out and seek work, and bring you home something to eat before nightfall. The good Princess Rosemonde passes through the village to-day to the grand tournament, and mayhap she will see me and take pity upon us, and make me a page in her court. Good-bye, little mother."

Now Prince Happy-Heart went so swiftly down the village street, that Millicent had hard work to follow him, but she ran breathlessly behind him, the White Kitten at her heels.

Suddenly she heard the music of fife and drum, and Prince Happy-Heart stopped at one corner of the street, and took off his ragged cap, his yellow curls glistening like gold in the morning sunlight. The street was thronged with people, and every one was shouting, "Ho, to the Princess Rosemonde! Ho, to the Princess Rosemonde!"

No one seemed to pay any attention to Millicent and the White Kitten, and they kept close to Happy-Heart.

Then the grand cavalcade came into view.

First there were the Trumpeters, marching four abreast, all clad in scarlet hose and breeches, with long hair waving in the breeze, and after them were Knights and Lords and Ladies riding on beautiful snow-white horses with palfreys shining with gold.

Then came the Lord High Chamberlain, and then came the Princess Rosemonde!

She was very young and very fair, and she was clad in a long purple robe with jewels in her hair, and a great bunch of roses in her hands. She looked sweet but very sad, for she was being sent by her father, the King, into another Kingdom, of which Lovinglips was the Prince, and who was to become her husband. But the Princess Rosemonde was not happy in being thus mated to Prince Lovinglips, and she wore no smile on her beautiful face, for she wished to marry some one who loved her for herself alone, and not because she was a Princess of high degree.

Now no one told Millicent all these things, but she seemed to know intuitively about them, and she thought at once: "What a fine couple they would make, Prince Happy-Heart and the Princess Rosemonde."

Just then the Princess Rosemonde turned and saw Happy-Heart. He was standing, cap uplifted, on the street, with the sun shining on his long golden curls, and his eager, happy face wreathed with smiles at the sight of the beautiful Princess. Princess Rosemonde looked long at him, and then choosing from amongst the flowers which she held to her breast the loveliest and longest pink rose, she flung it at the feet of Prince Happy-Heart.

Happy-Heart smiled, and bowed low to the ground, and raised a flushed and happy face to the Princess, and she passed out of his sight.

Then, as if by magic, the whole cavalcade vanished, and Millicent found herself and the White Kitten once more at the door of the humble cottage belonging to Happy-Heart and his poor widowed mother.

It seemed that it was almost night, for the sun was going down and the air was still and quiet. Happy-Heart sat on the doorstep, his head bowed between his hands, and there were tears in his eyes.

Presently he spoke, "All day I have sought and have found nothing. How can I go into the house and tell my dear mother that I have

nothing for our evening meal. Ah, woe is me! woe is me!"

Happy-Heart seemed to weep for some moments, and then, raising his head, he saw the long-stemmed pink rose which the Princess Rosemonde had flung to him that morning. He lifted the rose to his face and kissed it; and then digging a little hole in the ground by the cottage door he placed the stem of the rose therein and said, "Grow, little rose, poor little rose, grow and be happy because she once held you to her breast," and Happy-Heart kissed the rose again and went into the cottage.

It seemed but a few moments to Millicent until the moon came up over the tree-tops, and once more she saw Prince Happy-Heart come forth from the cottage, and then she gave a little cry of surprise.

The beautiful rose of Princess Rosemonde had grown, grown, grown, until it reached far up into the sky and you could not see the top of it. Happy-Heart peered up into the clouds, and then, throwing his coat on the ground, he began to climb quickly up the branches of the rose-bush.

Millicent tweaked the ear of the lazy White

L. of C.

Kitten. "Come on," she said. "Come on. Let's follow him."

So Millicent and the White Kitten clambered up the rose-bush after Prince Happy-Heart. It seemed a long way, and Millicent stopped often to catch her breath and to see that the White Kitten was behind her and Happy-Heart still ahead of her. There were beautiful roses growing at every step, and,

strange to say, there were few thorns to impede their progress.

"For all the world like Jack and the Beanstalk," said Millicent. "Only I do hope there isn't any wicked giant at the top."

Then they reached the very top of the rose-bush, and Millicent gave a little cry of delight at the sight that lay before her.

For miles and miles there stretched a beautiful garden of roses, great, long-stemmed pink roses; roses blooming in hedges all about a crystal palace, and roses twined in arbours, and roses trailing up the turrets and falling like curtains down over the windows.

Happy-Heart, who was hurrying along before Millicent down the hedgerows of roses, heard her exclamation of joy, and he stopped and turned to her, saying, "Ssh! don't make any noise; you will frighten them."

"Frighten who?" asked Millicent, delighted that at last Happy-Heart had noticed her, and that she had some one to speak to beside the stupid White Kitten, who simply ran along behind her and wouldn't talk.

Happy-Heart pointed to the roses growing everywhere, and then Millicent saw that each

one had a face, and that in reality they were not roses at all, but beautiful, beautiful maidens.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Millicent, softly.

"They are the Maids of Honour to the Princess Rosemonde," whispered Happy-Heart. "This is her court day, and there are three Princes to be brought before her, one of whom she must choose to be her husband. Oh, if I were only a Prince!" sighed Happy-Heart.

Now Millicent so loved Happy-Heart that she cried, loudly, "Why, you are a Prince — and I'm sure she'd love you best of all."

Instantly a whole bevy of the Rose Maidens came toward Happy-Heart, and, bowing very low before him, they led him straight up to the throne, to the feet of the Princess Rosemonde.

The Princess blushed, and looked bewildered for a moment, and then, waving her white hand toward Happy-Heart, she nodded to the Lord High Chamberlain that he might proceed; so he called out loudly, in his monotonous way:

"Who speaks for this suitor of the Princess Rosemonde? Who speaks for this suitor of the Princess Rosemonde?"

Poor Happy-Heart stood pale and trembling before the throne, but no one came forward to

speak for him, and the Lord High Chamberlain was just about to send him from the palace, when Millicent sprang forward, and, facing the Princess and the Lord High Chamberlain, said:

"I speak for this suitor to the Princess Rosemonde!"

"Is he of royal birth?" asked the Lord High Chamberlain, scowling at Millicent. "No one less than a prince or a duke dares to ask for the hand of the Princess Rosemonde. We have already refused two dukes and a couple of lords for her to-day; so beware unless this suitor be at least a Prince, if not a King."

Millicent felt very badly for a moment, and then seeing how forlorn Happy-Heart looked, and how truly noble he was, she answered, rather sharply: "What right have you to choose for the Princess whom she shall wed? Why don't you just ask her who she loves and let them marry and live happy ever after? Anyhow, Happy-Heart is a Prince, every one calls him Prince Happy-Heart, just because he is so kind and noble of heart, which is better, after all, than your dukes and princes of royal birth." Millicent turned to the Princess Rosemonde, and continued, "Oh, dear, beautiful Princess

Rosemonde, take Prince Happy-Heart; he loves you so much — and beside that, you two *must* marry, so as to finish it all just like a story."

Suddenly Millicent thought of the silver whistle, and, putting it to her lips, she drew a long breath. "Just wait; I'll call the Fairy Godmother; she can fix it up all right."

The whole court was in an uproar. The Lord High Chamberlain forgot his dignity, and tore his curled white wig, and shouted a dozen different orders at once. The Rose Maids of Honour ran hither and thither wildly, not knowing what to do next; for you see the Fairy Godmother was a great personage, and every one knew that she could work good or evil by her coming. Happy-Heart knelt at the feet of the Princess Rosemonde, and then Millicent saw that the Fairy Godmother had obeyed the silver whistle, and that, instead of a ragged, shy Prince Happy-Heart, there was a glorious Prince Happy-Heart, with many followers holding a golden canopy over him. Close behind him stood his mother, all clad in silk, and near her the Fairy Godmother.

Then the Fairy Godmother, flashing a smile at Millicent, who stood open-eyed with astonish-

ment, held up one hand, and every one hushed instantly, and the whole court was quiet.

"Silence!" roared the Lord High Chamberlain. "Silence! the Fairy Godmother is about to speak!"

Millicent opened her eyes, and found the White Kitten sitting up on the window-seat washing its face with its paws. She stared stupidly for a moment at the White Kitten, at the book of fairy stories lying by her side, and then she said, with a sigh, "I'm sorry the Fairy Godmother didn't get to make the speech."

THE END.

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